THE

Intriguing Chambermaid.

A

COMEDY

Of TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Taken from the *French* of REGNARD,

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

Majores nuſquam ronchi ; juvenéſque ſenéſque
Et pueri naſum Rhinocerotis habent. Martial.

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MDCCL.

[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

EPISTLE

To Mrs. *CLIVE.*

MADAM,

IF Addreſſes of this Nature (notwithſtanding the baſe Purpoſes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to expreſs the Gratitude of the Author for ſome Favour receiv'd, or to celebrate the Merit of ſome particular Friend; I think you have a very juſt Title to this.

Dedications, and indeed moſt Panegyricks, have been generally confined to Perſons in high Life; not that good Qualities are ſo; but as the Praiſe which moſt Authors beſtow comes not from the Heart, nor is the Effect of their Gratitude for paſt Favours, but of their Neceſſity of future, it is not ſo much their Buſineſs to inquire who beſt deſerves Praiſe, as who can beſt pay for it. And thus we often ſee an Epiſtle crammed with ſuch groſs, falſe, and abſurd Flattery, as the Poet ought to be aſham'd of writing, and the Patron of accepting.

But while I hold the Pen, it will be a Maxim with me, that Vice can never be too great to be laſhed, nor Virtue too obſcure to be commended; in other Words, that Satire can never riſe too high, nor Panegyrick ſtoop too low.

It is your Misfortune to bring the greateſt Genius for acting on the Stage, at a time when the Factions and Diviſions among the Players have conſpired with the Folly, Injuſtice, and Barbarity of the Town, to finiſh the Ruin of the Stage, and ſacrifice our own native Entertainments to a wanton affected Fondneſs for foreign Muſick; and when our Nobility ſeem eagerly to rival each other, in diſtinguiſhing themſelves in favour of *Italian* Theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet ſo much *Engliſh* Taſte and Good-nature left, as ſometimes to viſit that Stage where you exert your great Abilities, never fail to receive you with the Approbation you deſerve; nay, you extort, by the Force of your Merit, the Applauſe of thoſe who are languiſhing for the Return of *Cuzzoni*.

And here I cannot help reflecting with ſome Pleaſure, that the Town, that Part of it, at leaſt, which is not quite *Italianized*, have one Obli-

Obligation to me, who made the firſt Diſcovery of your great Capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the Theatre, than the Ignorance of ſome and the Envy of others would have otherwiſe permitted. I ſhall not here dwell on any thing ſo well known as your Theatrical Merit, which one of the fineſt Judges and the greateſt Man of his Age hath acknowledged to exceed in Humour that of any of your Predeceſſors in his Time.

But as great a Favourite as you at preſent are with the Audience, you would be much more ſo, were they acquainted with your private Character; cou'd they ſee you laying out great Part of the Profits which ariſe to you from entertaining them ſo well, in the Support of an aged Father; did they ſee you who can charm them on the Stage with perſonating the fooliſh and vitious Characters of your Sex, acting in real Life the Part of the beſt Wife, the beſt Daughter, the beſt Siſter, and the beſt Friend.

The Part you have maintain'd in the preſent Diſpute between the Players and the Patentees, is ſo full of Honour, that had it been in higher Life, it would have given you the Reputation of the greateſt Heroine of the Age. You looked on the Caſes of

Mr. *Highmore*

Mr. *Highmore* and Mrs. *Wilks* with Compaſſion, nor could any Promiſes or Views of Intereſt ſway you to deſert them; nor have you ſcrupled any Fatigue (particularly the Part which at ſo ſhort a warning you undertook in this Farce) to ſupport the Cauſe of thoſe whom you imagin'd injur'd and diſtreſs'd; and for this you have been ſo far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant Reward from Perſons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing rather than the Patentees ſhould be injur'd by the Diſmiſſion of the Audience.

In ſhort, if Honour, Good-nature, Gratitude, and good Senſe, join'd with the moſt entertaining Humour, wherever they are found, are Titles to publick Eſteem, I think you may be ſure of it; At leaſt, I am ſure they will always recommend you to the ſincere Friendſhip of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

To Mr. *Fielding*, occaſioned by the Revival of the *Author's Farce*.

Sent to the Author by an unknown Hand.

WHile Wit, like Perſecution reigns, and all
Muſt in the furious Inquiſition fall,
Untry'd, unheard: While guiltleſs Crowds expire,
Martyrs to Spleen! in each poetick Fire;
Nor Characters, nor Worth, nor Sex, nor Age,
Nor ſacred Majeſty eſcapes her Rage;
Againſt Example who ſhall dare commend?
Avow Good-nature or confeſs the Friend!

Hard is the Task, in ſuch a Soil, to raiſe
From her Decay the long-loſt Art of Praiſe,
Where the ſharp Thiſtle ſprings t'implant the Corn,
Or graft the Roſe upon the ſpiny Thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the Fight,
In vain I mourn the Abuſe I cannot right!
Yet this remains —— with chearful Warmth to pay
To real Worth this tributary Lay.

Accept then, Fielding! *from a Heart ſincere,*
A Gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd Applauſe! by no mean Motive ſway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy Merit paid.

Long have I ſeen, with Sorrow and Surpriſe,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy ſtrong Genius riſe,
To form our Manners, and amend our Laws,
And aid, with artful Hand, the publick Cauſe.

When modern Crimes, to elder Times unknown,
With worſe than Sodom's *Guilt pollute this Town,*
Ti'd to old Rules, tho' Weſtminſter *muſt aid,*
The Shame and Scandal of the nuptial Bed,

Thy

Thy equitable Muſe aſſerts her Claim,
To mark the Monſter with eternal Shame,
The Brute appears, in thy more juſt Decree,
Triumphant only in his Infamy.

But ſee! the Politician mounts the Stage,
The Bane and Weakneſs of our Clime, and Age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' inſtructive Scene?
Indulge his Laughter? or contain his Spleen?
When he reflects that ſuch grave Heads, ſo late
Control'd our Senate, and inflam'd our State!

O! had the Muſe a due Attention found,
Her Flights encourag'd, and her Labours crown'd;
Each buſy Knave had felt her vengeful Hand,
And Laughter branded whom the Laws ſhould brand!

In vain we wiſh? —— *and the compliant Bard,*
The publick Taſte muſt ſway, that muſt reward;
To that conforming, he muſt fill the Scene,
With Puppets, Players, Henley, Harlequin;
Farce, Maſque, and Opera, Grubſtreet, *and the Court,*
Link'd of Nonſenſe muſt club to make us Sport.

Yet here, even here what Senſe! with how much Art,
He courts the Head, ſince we deny the Heart;
Mark, in his Mirth how innocent he plays!
And while he mimes the Mimick, hurts not Bays ——
Tho' much provok'd, no baſe Ill-nature ſtains,
With murd'rous Dye, his unpolluted Strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bleſs'd Youth! to charm,
Divert our Heats, and civil Rage diſarm,
Till Fortune, once not blind to Merit, ſmile
On thy Deſert, and recompenſe thy Toil:
Or Walpole, *ſtudious ſtill of* Britain's *Fame,*
Protect thy Labours, and preſcribe the Theme,
On which, in Eaſe and Affluence, thou may'ſt raiſe
More noble Trophies to thy Country's Praiſe.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Upon the Revival of the *Author's Farce.*

Spoken by Mrs. *CLIVE.*

AS when ſome ancient hoſpitable Seat,
Where Plenty oft has giv'n the jovial Treat,
Where in full Bowls each welcome Gueſt has drown'd
All ſorrowing Thought, while Mirth and Joy went round:
Is by ſome wanton worthleſs Heir deſtroy'd,
Its once full Rooms grown a deſerted Void;
With Sighs, each Neighbour views the mournful Place;
With Sighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched Theatre appear;
For Mirth and Joy once kept their Revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde *in Crouds repair'd each Day,*
And went well-pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield *here hath charm'd the liſt'ning Age,*
And Wilks *adorn'd, and* Booth *hath fill'd the Stage;*
Soft Eunuchs warbled in ſucceſsleſs Strain,
And Tumblers ſhew'd their little Tricks in vain.
Thoſe Boxes ſtill the brighter Circles were,
Triumphant Toaſts receiv'd their Homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our Caſe!
I view with Tears this poor deſerted Place,
None to our Boxes now in Pity ſtray,
But Poets free o'th' Houſe, and Beaux who never pay.
No longer now, we ſee our crouded Door
Send the late Comer back again at Four.
At ſeven now into our empty Pit
Drops from his Counter ſome old prudent Cit,
Contented with Twelve-penniworth of Wit.
—— Our Author of a generous Soul poſſeſs'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd;

PROLOGUE.

To-Night what he ſhall offer in our Cauſe
Already hath been bleſt with your Applauſe.
Yet this, his Muſe maturer hath revis'd,
And added more to that, which once ſo much you priz'd.
We ſue, not mean to make a partial Friend,
But without Prejudice at leaſt attend.
If we are dull, e'en cenſure, but we truſt,
Satire can ne'er diſpleaſe you when 'tis juſt.
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous, Town
Will join to cruſh us, when we're almoſt down.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *CLIVE.*

A Poet ſhould, unleſs his Fate he gueſt,
Write for each Play two Epilogues at leaſt.
For now to empty Benches can we ſay,
What means this mighty Crouding here To-Day?
Or ſhould the Pit with Flattery be cram'd,
How can we ſpeak it; when the Play is damn'd,
Damn'd, did I ſay? ——— He ſurely need not fear it,
His Play is ſafe——— when none will came to hear it.
Engliſh *is now below this learned Town,*
None but Italian *Warblers will go down.*
Tho' Courts were more Polite, the Engliſh *Ditty*
Cou'd heretofore at leaſt content the City:
That, for Italian *now has let us drop,*
And Dimi Cara *rings thro' ev'ry Shop.*
What glorious Thoughts muſt all our Neighbours nouriſh,
Of us, where Rival Operas can flouriſh.

Let

EPILOGUE.

Let France *win all our Towns, we need not fear,*
But Italy *will ſend her Singers here;*
We cannot buy 'em at a Price too dear.
Let us receive them to our peaceful Shore,
While in their own the angry Cannons rore:
Here they may ſing in Safety, we reward 'em,
Here no Viſconti *threatens to bombard 'em.*

Orpheus *drew Stones with his inchanting Song,*
Theſe can do more, they draw our Gold along.
——But tho' our angry Poets rail in ſpite,
Ladies, I own, I think your Judgments right,
Satire, perhaps, may wound ſome pretty Thing,
Thoſe ſoft Italian *Warblers have no Sting.*
Tho' your ſoft Hearts the tuneful Charm may win,
You're ſtill ſecure to find no Harm within.
Wiſely from thoſe rude Places you abſtain,
Where Satire gives the wounded Hearer Pain.
'Tis hard to pay them who our Faults reveal,
As Boys are forc'd to buy the Rods they feel.
No, let 'em ſtarve, who dare to laſh the Age,
And, as you've left the Pulpit, leave the Stage.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Goodall,	Mr. *Jones.*
Valentine,	Mr. *Stoppelaer.*
Lord Pride,	Mr. *Hewſon.*
Lord Puff,	Mr. *Charles Jones.*
Colonel Bluff,	Mr. *Mecklin.*
Oldcaſtle,	Mr. *Norris.*
Rakeit,	Mr. *Mullart.*
Marquis,	Madamoiſelle *Grognet.*
Slap,	Mr. *Topham.*
Trick,	Mr. *Hallam.*
Security,	Mr. *Giles.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. Highman,	Mrs. *Mullart.*
Charlotte,	Mrs. *Atherton.*
Lettice,	Mrs. *Clive.*

Ladies, Conſtable, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

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THE

THE

Intriguing Chambermaid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Mrs. *HIGHMAN, LETTICE.*

Mrs. HIGHMAN.

OH! Mrs. *Lettice*; is it you? I am extremely glad to ſee you; you are the very Perſon I would meet.

Let. I am much at your Service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam; I know very well that; and at every one's Service, I dare ſwear that will pay you for it: But all the Service, Madam, that I have for you, is to carry a Meſſage to your Maſter —— I deſire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very

great Villain, and that I intreat him never more to come near my Doors, for, if I find him within 'em, I will turn my Neice out of them.

Lett. Truly, Madam, you muſt ſend this by another Meſſenger; but, pray, what has my Maſter done, to deſerve it ſhou'd be ſent at all?

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own Prudence; but I know what he wou'd do.

Lett. He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a Gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare ſwear, Madam, debauching a young Lady, is acting like a very fine Gentleman; but I ſhall keep my Neice out of the Hands of ſuch fine Gentlemen.

Lett. You wrong my Maſter, Madam, cruelly; I know his Deſigns on your Neice are honourable.

Mrs. High. You know!

Lett. Yes. Madam, no one knows my Maſter's Heart better than I do: I am ſure, were his Deſigns otherwiſe, I would not be acceſſary to 'em; I love your Neice too much, Madam, to carry on an Amour in which ſhe ſhou'd be a Loſer: But as I know that my Maſter is heartily in Love with her, and that ſhe is heartily in Love with my Maſter; and as I am certain they will be a very happy Couple, I will not leave one Stone unturn'd, to bring them together.

Mrs. High. Rare Impudence! Huſſy, I have another Match for her, ſhe ſhall marry Mr. *Oldcaſtle.*

Lett. Oh then! I find it is you that have a diſhonourable Deſign on your Neice.

Mrs. High. How, Saucineſs!

Lett. Yes, Madam, marrying a young Lady, who is in Love with a young Fellow, to an old one whom ſhe hates, is the ſureſt way to bring about I know what, that can poſſibly be taken.

AIR

AIR. I. Soldier Laddy.



When a Virgin in Love with a brisk jolly Lad,
You match to a Spark more fit for her Dad,
'Tis as pure, and as ſure, and ſecure as a Gun,
The young Lover's Buſineſs is happily done:
Tho' it ſeems to her Arms he takes the wrong Rout,
Yet my Life for a Farthing,
Purſuing
His Wooing.
The young Fellow finds, tho' he go round about,
It's only to come
The neareſt way home.

Mrs. High. I can bear this no longer. I wou'd adviſe you, Madam, and your Maſter both, to keep from my Houſe, or I ſhall take Meaſures you won't like. [*Exit.*

Lett. I defy you! we have the ſtrongeſt Party; and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young Lady herſelf.

SCENE II.

Lettice, Charlotte.

Charl. So, Mrs. *Lettice!*

Lett. 'Tis Pity you had not come a little ſooner, Madam; your good Aunt is but juſt gone, and has left poſitive Orders that you ſhould make more frequent Viſits at our Houſe.

Charl. Indeed!

Lett. Yes, Madam; for ſhe has forbid my Maſter ever viſiting at yours, and I know it will be impoſſible for you to live without ſeeing him.

Charl. I aſſure you! do you think me ſo fond then?

Lett. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing elſe, think of nothing elſe all Day; and, if you will confeſs the Truth, I dare lay a Wager that you dream of nothing elſe all Night.

Charl. Then to ſhew you, Madam, how well you know me—the Devil take me—if you are not in the right.

Lett. Ah! Madam, to a Woman practis'd in Love, like me, there is no Occaſion for Confeſſion; for my part, I don't want Words to aſſure me of what the Eyes tell me. Oh! if the Lovers wou'd but conſult the Eyes of their Miſtreſſes, we ſhou'd not have ſuch Sighing, Languiſhing, and Deſpairing as we have.

AIR

AIR II. Buſh of Boon.



What need he truſt your Words preciſe,
Your ſoft Deſires denying;
When, Oh! he reads within your Eyes
Your tender Heart complying.
Your Tongue may cheat,
And with Deceit
Your ſofter Wiſhes cover;
But, Oh! your Eyes
Know no Diſguiſe,
Nor ever cheat your Lover.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Lettice, Charlotte, Valentine.

Val. My deareſt *Charlotte!* this is meeting my Wiſhes indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Lett. It's very lucky that you do meet her here, for her Houſe is forbidden Ground, you have ſeen your laſt of that, Mrs. *Highman* ſwears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear *Charlotte* is? What Danger cou'd deter me? What Difficulty prevent me? Not Cannon, nor Plagues, nor all the moſt frightful Forms of Death, ſhould keep me from her Arms.

Charl. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your Valour to any Proof; the Danger is to be mine, I am to be turn'd out of Doors, if ever you are ſeen in them again.

Val. The Apprehenſions of your Danger wou'd, indeed, put it to the ſevereſt Proof: but why will my deareſt *Charlotte* continue in the Houſe of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will ſhe not know another Home, one, where ſhe would find a Protector from every kind of Danger?

Charl. How can you pretend to love me, *Valentine*, and ask me that in our preſent deſperate Circumſtances?

Lett. Nay, nay, don't accuſe him wrongfully: I won't indeed inſiſt, that he gives you any great Inſtance of his Prudence by it; but I'll ſwear, it is a very ſtrong one of his Love, and ſuch an Inſtance, as when a Man has once ſhewn, no Woman of any Honeſty, or Honour, or Gratitude, can refuſe him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a Lover who had not wicked mercenary Views upon my Fortune, I ſhould have married him, whatever he had been.

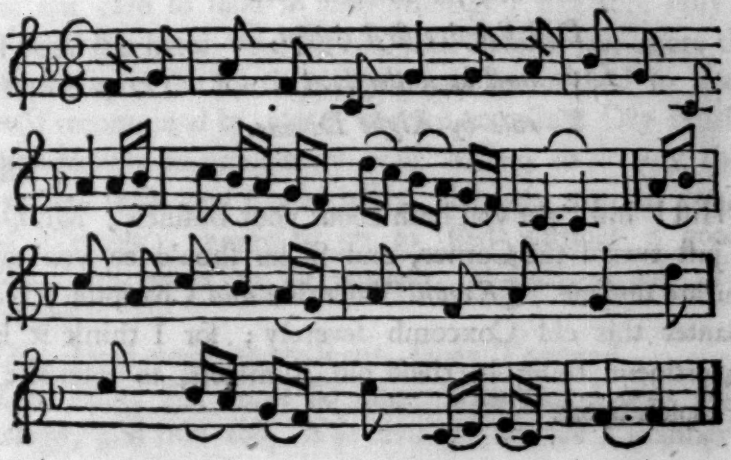
Charl. Thy Fortune!

Lett. My Fortune! Yes, Madam, my Fortune; I was worth Fifty Six Pounds before I put into the Lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know, ſome body muſt get the great Lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, *Charlotte!* wou'd you had the ſame Sentiments with me! for, by Heavens! I apprehend no Danger but that of loſing

loſing you; and, believe me, Love will ſufficiently reward us for all the Hazards we run on his account.

AIR III. *Fanny* blooming Fair, *&c.*



Let bold Ambition lie
Within the Warrior's Mind;
Falſe Honours let him buy,
With Slaughter of Mankind:
To Crowns a doubtful Right,
Lay thouſands in their Grave:
While wretched Armies fight
Which Maſter ſhall enſlave.

Love took my Heart with Storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's *charming Form,*
Still ſitting on his Throne:
How will my Soul rejoice,
At his Commands to fly,
If ſpoken in that Voice,
Or look'd from that dear Eye!

To Univerſal Sway
Love's Title is the beſt;
Well, ſhall we him obey,
Who makes his Subjects bleſt?
If Heaven for Human good
Did Empire firſt deſign,
Love muſt be underſtood
To rule by Right Divine.

Lett. Hiſt! hiſt! get you both about your Buſineſs; Mr. *Oldcaſtle* is juſt turn'd the Corner, and if he ſhou'd ſee you together, you are undone. [*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Charlotte.] Now will I banter this old Coxcomb ſeverely; for I think it is a moſt impertinent thing in theſe old Fumblers, to interpoſe in young People's Sport.

SCENE IV.

Lettice, Oldcaſtle.

Old. Hem! hem! I profeſs it is a very ſevere Eaſterly Wind, and if it was not to ſee a Miſtreſs, I believe I ſhould ſcarce have ſtirred abroad all Day.

Lett. Mr. *Oldcaſtle*, your very humble Servant.

Old. Your humble Servant, Madam: I ask your Pardon, but I profeſs I have not the Honour of knowing you.

Lett. Men of your Figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themſelves able to remember; I am a poor Handmaid of a young Lady of your Acquaintance, Miſs *Charlotte Highman*.

Old. Oh! your very humble Servant, Madam. I hope your Lady is well?

Lett. Hum! ſo, ſo: She ſent me, Sir, of a ſmall Meſſage to you.

Old. I am the happieſt Man in the World.

Lett. To deſire a particular Favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her Commands.

Lett.

Lett. She begs, if you have the leaſt Affection for her, that ſhe may never ſee you here again.

Old. What! what!

Lett. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd Lady, and does not care to ſend a rude Meſſage; therefore only bids me tell you, ſhe hates you, ſcorns you, deteſts you more than any Creature upon the Earth; that if you are reſolv'd to marry, ſhe wou'd recommend to you a certain excellent Dry Nurſe, who might poſſibly be brought by your Money to do any thing, but go to Bed with you; and laſtly, ſhe bids me tell you, in this cold Weather, never to go to Bed without a good warm Poſſet, and never to lie without, at leaſt, a pair of Flannel Shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent, ſaucy Tongue!

Lett. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my Meſſage; and that too, in as civil and conciſe a manner as poſſible.

Old. Your Miſtreſs is a pert young Huſſy, and I ſhall tell her Mother of her.

Lett. That will never do; you had better truſt to her own Good-nature; 'tis I am your Friend, and if we can get over three little Obſtacles, I don't deſpair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are thoſe Obſtacles?

Lett. Why, Sir, there is in the firſt Place, your great Age, you are at leaſt ſome Sixty-Six.

Old. It's a Lye; I want ſeveral——Months of it.

Lett. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one Half of your Fortune makes a very ſufficient Amends for your Age.

Old. We ſhan't fall out about that.

Lett. Well, Sir; then there is, in the ſecond Place, your terrible, ungenteel Air: This is a grand Obſtacle with her who is dotingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppiſh; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your Fortune ——And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to ſet aſide, I believe I may promiſe you, you ſhall

have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible Face of yours, which it is impoſſible for any one to ſee without being frighten'd.

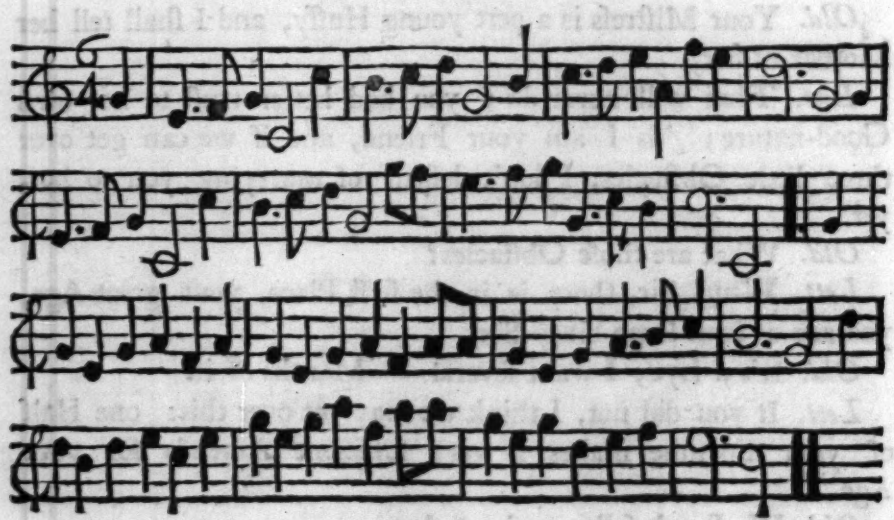
Old. Ye impudent Baggage! I'll tell your Miſtreſs, I'll have you turn'd off.

Lett. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the Services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Lett. Services! yes, Sir, Services, and to let you ſee I think you fit for a Husband, I'll have you myſelf! Who can be more proper for a Husband, than a Man of your Age and Taſte? for I think you cou'd not have the Conſcience to live above a Year or a Year and half at moſt: And I think a good plentiful Jointure wou'd make amends for ones enduring you as long as that; provided we live in ſeparate parts of the Houſe, and one had a good handſom Groom of the Chambers to attend one.

AIR IV. Hark, hark, the Cock crows.



When a Lover like you,
Does a Woman purſue,
She muſt have little Wit in her Brain, Sir;
If for better and worſe,
She takes not the Purſe,
Alas, with her ſighing poor Swain, Sir;

Tho'

Tho' hugg'd to her Wiſhes,
Amidſt empty Diſhes,
Much Hunger her Stomach may prove, Sir;
But a Pocket of Gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will ſtill find her Food for her Love, Sir.

Old. You are an impertinent impudent Baggage! and I have a mind to——I am out of Breath with Paſſion; and I ſhall not recover it this half Hour. [*Exit*

SCENE V.

Lettice, Rakeit.

Lett. A very pretty Lover for a young Lady indeed.

Rak. Your Servant, Mrs. *Lettice*; what, have you and the great Squire *Oldcaſtle* been entertaining one another with?

Lett. With his Paſſion for your young Miſtreſs, or rather her Paſſion for him. I have been bantering him 'till he is in ſuch a Rage that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your Frolicks; ſince we muſt pay for them. You have put him out of Humour; now will he go and put my Lady out of Humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Lett. Well, Sirrah! And do you think I had not rather twenty ſuch as you ſhou'd be beaten to Death, than my Maſter ſhou'd be robb'd of his Miſtreſs?

Rak. Your humble Servant, Madam, you need not take any great Pains to convince me of your Fondneſs for your Maſter. I believe he has more Miſtreſſes than what are in our Houſe: But hang it, I am too polite to be Jealous, and if he has done me the favour with you: why perhaps, I may return it one Day with ſome Body elſe. I am not the firſt Gentleman of the party-colour'd Regiment, who has been even with his Maſter.

Lett. Not with ſuch Gentlemen as Mr. *Valentine.* Indeed with your little pert skipping Beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such Maſters and their Men are often both in Dreſs and Behaviour ſo very like one another, that a Woman may be innocently falſe, and miſtake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether ſuch a Change as you mention may not be ſometimes for the better.

AIR V. As down in a Meadow, *&c.*



See John *and his Maſter as together they paſs,*
Or ſee them admiring themſelves in the Glaſs:

Each

Each cocks fierce his Hat, each ſtruts and looks big,
Both have Lace on their Coat, and a Bag to their Wig.
Both ſwear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
Say then where the Difference lies if you can,
Faith! Widows you'd give it on the ſide of the Man.

Rak. But, my dear *Lettice*, I do not approve this Match in our Families.

Lett. Why ſo?

Rak. You know how deſperate his Circumſtances are, and ſhe has no Fortune.

Lett. She hath indeed no Fortune of her own; but her Aunt *Highman* is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Lett. Then there's the Chance of both her Brothers Death: beſides an Uncle in *Yorkſhire*, who hath but five Children only, one of which hath never had the Small-pox: nay, there are not above ſixteen or ſeventeen between her and an *Iriſh* Barony.

Rak. Ay, this Lady wou'd make a fine Fortune, after two or three good Plagues. In ſhort, I find there is but little hopes on our ſide, and if there be no more on yours——

Lett. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young Maſter's growing better, for I am ſure there is no poſſibility of his growing worſe. Hopes of my old Maſter's ſtaying abroad. Hopes of his being drown'd if he attempts coming Home. Hopes of the Stars falling.——

Rak. Dear Mrs. *Lettice*, do not jeſt with ſuch ſerious things, as Hunger and Thirſt. Do you ſeriouſly think that all your Maſter's Entertainments are at an end?

Lett. So far from it, that he is this Day to give a grand Entertainment to your Miſtreſs, and about a Dozen more Gentlemen and Ladies.

Rak. My Chops begin to water. I find your Maſter is a very honeſt Fellow, and it is poſſible may hold out two or three Weeks longer.

Lett. You are miſtaken, Sir, there will be no Danger of his giving any more Entertainments; for there is a certain Gentleman call'd an Upholſterer, who, the moment that the Company

pany is gone, is to make his Entrance into the Houſe, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furniſhing a Houſe to receive a Wife in; your Maſter has ſet me a very good Pattern againſt you and I marry, Mrs. *Lettice.*

Lett. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unleſs I can provide better for myſelf.

Lett. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine; unleſs it be thy invincible Impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the Impudence of a Gentleman, and there is nothing better to ſucceed with the Ladies.

A I R VI.



When Modeſty ſues for a Favour,
What anſwers the Politick Laſs?
Lett. *That ſhe mightily likes his Behaviour,*
And thinks in her Heart he's an Aſs;
And thinks in her Heart he's an Aſs.
Rak. *But when bolder Impudence ruſhes,*
And manfully ſeizes her Charms?
Lett. *Lard! you're rude, Sir, ſhe cries, then ſhe bluſhes,*
And folds the briſk Youth in her Arms.
And folds, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Valentine, Trick.

Val. You ſay I owe you 500 *l.* Principal and Intereſt?

Trick. Yes, Sir, you will pleaſe to caſt it up yourſelf, and I believe our Accounts will correſpond.

Val. I'll take your Word for it, Sir; and if you pleaſe to let me have 500 more, I ſhall owe you 1000.

Trick. Sir, the Money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it muſt be paid, Sir, he hath called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleaſes; but 'till I call it in, it will ſignify not much, Sir. I have thought of an Expedient, if the Money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may pay him off: Lay me down the other 500, and take the whole Debt upon yourſelf.

Trick. I am quite out of Caſh, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the Payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely buſy to Day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have called ſo often that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within theſe three Days, I ſhall ſend a Lawyer for my Money——and ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Valentine, Truſty.

Val. So, honeſt *Truſty*, what Succeſs?

Truſty. I went to the Jeweller's with the Ring which your Honour told me coſt an Hundred Pound, but he refus'd to give me any more than fifty for it, ſo I e'en took that.

Val. Very well!

Truſty. As for the old Silver Bowl which your Father valu'd at Fourſcore Pounds, Mr. *Whiting* ſaid, there was ſo much reckon'd for the Faſhion; and that it was ſo old and ungen-

ungenteel, that he offer'd me but twenty: But I knew your Honour wanted Money, and ſo I took it.

Val. Very well.

Truſty. The Gold repeating Watch I carried to the Maker, and told him he had received fifty odd Guineas for it, two Years ago; but he ſaid it was much the worſe for wearing; and that the Nobility and Gentry run ſo much into *Pinchbeck* that he had not diſpos'd of two Gold Watches this Month. However he ſaid he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, ſo I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Truſty. But this was nothing to that Rogue in *Monmouth-Street*, who offer'd me but 16*l.* for the two Suits of fine Clothes, that I dare ſwear ſtood your Honour in above a 100*l.* I flew into a great Paſſion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You ſhou'd have taken the Money.

Truſty. One piece of ſurpriſing good Fortune was the ſaving of your Medals, which as I was juſt going to diſpoſe of, a Gentleman whiſper'd in my Ear, that a certain Knight that wou'd be in Town in a Fortnight, wou'd give ſix times as much for them.

Val. A Fortnight! what of a Fortnight? a Fortnight's an Age. I wou'd not give a Shilling for the Reverſion of an Eſtate ſo long to come. Here give me what Money you have brought, and go and diſpoſe of the reſt immediately.

Truſty. But, Sir, I wiſh your Honour would conſider: for my part I dread my old Maſter's coming home, and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyſelf about that; but go execute my Commands. [*Exit* Truſty.

SCENE

AIR VII. Excuſe me.



Let Miſers with Sorrow To-day,
Lay up, for To-morrow's Array,
Like Tantalus *thirſty, who craves,*
Drink up to his Chin in the Waves.
But Fortune, like Women, To-day may be kind,
And yield to your Mind,
To-morrow ſhe goes,
An on others beſtows
The Bleſſing.
The Lover who yields to the Fair one's Delays,
Oft loſes the Day,
Then fly to her Arms,
For we are ſure
Of her Charms
When Poſſeſſing.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentleman in Mourning deſires to ſee you.

Val. Shew him in. [*Exit* Servant.] Wou'd my dear *Charlotte* were here.

SCENE IX.

Valentine, Slap.

Val. Your moſt obedient Servant, Sir; I have not the Honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a ſmall Writ againſt you.

Val. A Writ againſt me.

Slap. Don't be uneaſy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about 200 *l.*

Val. What muſt I do, Sir!

Slap. Oh, Sir! whatever you pleaſe, only pay the Money, or give Bail, which you pleaſe.

Val. I can do neither of them this Inſtant, and I expect Company every Moment. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you'll take my Word till To-morrow Morning?

Slap. Oh, yes, Sir; with all my Heart. If you will be ſo good as to ſtep to my Houſe hard by, you ſhall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your Word.

Val. Your Houſe! 'Sdeath you Raſcal!

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then!——who's there——my Servants. [*Enter* Servants.] Here kick this Fellow down Stairs.

Slap. This is a Reſcue, remember that——a Reſcue, Sir, I'll have my Lord Chief Juſtice's Warrant.

[Slap *is forc'd off by the Servants.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Valentine, Charlotte.

Charl. Oh *Valentine*! What's the matter? I am frighten'd to Death. Swords drawn! Oh my Heart! you are not hurt?

Val. By none but you, my Love; I have no Wounds but thoſe you can cure.

Charl. Heaven be prais'd! But what was the Occaſion of this Buſtle?

Val. Nothing, my Dear, but a Couple of Fencing-Maſters—I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the Back, that's all.

Charl. You ſee the Dangers I run on your Account, ſhould my Aunt know of my being here, I ſhall be undone for ever. Nay, and what the reſt of the Company will think when they ſee me here before them, I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your Power to ſilence the Tongues of the World whenever you pleaſe: And Oh *Charlotte!* I wiſh you would this Day conſent to make this Houſe your reputable Home.

Charl. Preſs me not, *Valentine:* for whatever be the Conſequence, if you ſhould, I feel, I cannot deny you.

AIR VIII. Spring's a coming.



Virgins wary
Wou'd ne'er miſcarry,
If Lovers wou'd take a Denial or two:
If he purſues her ſtill,
Can ſhe refuſe him ſtill,
What ſhe herſelf hath a mind to do?

Val. *Turtles, tho' with each other they die,*
Shall be leſs conſtant and fond than I:

For

For April's *ſoft Showers,*
Nor June's *ſweet Flowers,*
In Softneſs and Sweetneſs with thee can vie.
Charl. *Turtles tho'*, &c.

Charl. Cou'd I be aſſur'd of your Conſtancy; cou'd I find you always fond and endearing as now; believe me it wou'd not be in the Power of Fortune to make me miſerable.

Val. If thou can place any Confidence in Vows, I know not how to bind myſelf faſter to you, than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own Merit. Believe me, *Charlotte*, Men are more conſtant than you imagine. He that marries for Money, is conſtant to the Love of his Wife's Money. He that marries for Beauty, is commonly conſtant while that Beauty laſts, and a Love that's fix'd on Merit as mine, will be conſtant while that endures.

Charl. Well, we muſt all run a Risk, believe me; as to the point of Fortune, it is the leaſt of my Thoughts. A Woman, who can carry her Prudence ſo far as that, cheats you when ſhe pretends to Love. Love reigns alone in every Breaſt it inhabits, and in my Opinion makes us amends for the Abſence of Madam *Prudence*, and all her Train.

Val. Thou deareſt Girl, this Knight ſhall make me thine.

AIR

AIR IX. *Polworth* on the Green.



Come, Charlotte, *let's be gay,*
Let's enjoy ourſelves To-day;
To-morrow's in the Hands of the Powers,
To-day alone is ours.
Let Fools for Wealth,
Spend Time, and Health;
While we, more happy, try,
In each ſoft Kiſs,
Tranſporting Bliſs,
Which Treaſures ne'er can buy.

Charl. *Let Age grave Leſſons preach,*
'Gainſt what ſhe cannot reach;
Let Prudes condemn, what they eſteem,
All Fools our Joys impeach.

Both. Let Fools, &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Valentine *and Company, ſeated as after Dinner.*

VALENTINE.

CALL in the Dancers. I hope, Ladies, your Good-nature will make you as kind to this part of the Entertainment as it hath to the other.

Marg. Je vous felicite de votre Gout raviſſant, Monſieur *Valentine*, mais allons! Dancons nous meſmes.

Val. My Father arriv'd, ſay you?

Lett. Yes, Sir, and will be here inſtantly.

Val. Death and Hell! what ſhall I do, *Lettice!* I muſt truſt to the Contrivance of my Brain, or I am undone.

Lett. Well, I will do the beſt I can for you; in the mean time be not chagrin, enjoy your Friends, and take no Notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the Door. Be ſure to keep cloſe Garriſon, and after I am gone out, open the Doors to none.

Val. Send thee good Luck, my beſt Wench. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, what ſay you, are you for Cards or Hazard?

All. Hazard, Hazard.

Marg. Hazard! ma voix eſt tousjours pour Hazard!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Goodall, Lettice, *and Servant with a* Portmantua.

Good. This curſed Stage-Coach from *Portſmouth* hath fa tigu'd me more than my Voyage from the *Cape of Good-hope:* but

but Heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within ſight of my own Doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my Son will be to ſee me returned a full Year ſooner than my Intention.

Lett. He would be much more pleaſed to hear you were at the *Cape of Good-hope* yet. [*Aſide.*

Good. I hope I ſhall find my poor Boy at Home, I dare ſwear he will die with joy to ſee me.

Lett. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you my good Maſter. [*Aſide.*] Bleſs me, what do I ſee? An Apparition?

Good. Lettice!

Lett. Is it my dear Maſter *Goodall* returned, or is it the Devil in his Shape? Is it you, Sir, is it poſitively you yourſelf?

Good. Even ſo. How do you do, *Lettice?*

Lett. Much at your Honour's Service. I am heartily glad to ſee your Honour in ſuch good Health. Why, the Air of the *Indies* hath agreed vaſtly with you: Indeed, Sir, you ought to have ſtay'd a little longer there for the ſake of your Health—— and our Quiet. [*Aſide.*

Good. Well, but how does my Son do? And how hath he behaved himſelf in my Abſence? I hope he hath taken great care of my Affairs.

Lett. I'll anſwer for him, he hath put your Affairs into a Condition that will ſurpriſe you, take my Word for it.

Good. I warrant you, he is every Day in the Alley. Stocks have gone juſt as I imagined, and if he followed my Advice he muſt have amaſſed a vaſt Sum of Money.

Lett. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how!

Lett. Sir, he hath paid it out as faſt as it came in.

Good. How!

Lett. Put it out I mean, Sir, to Intereſt, to Intereſt. Sir; why, our Houſe hath been a perfect Fair ever ſince you went, People coming for Money every Hour of the Day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to ſee my dear Boy [*To* Lettice.] knock at the Door.

Lett.

Lett. He is not at home, Sir,—and if you have ſuch a deſire to ſee him——

SCENE III.

Security, Goodall, Lettice.

Sec. Your Servant, Mrs. *Lettice.*

Lett. Your Servant, Mr. *Security*——Here's a Rogue of a Uſurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his Money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. *Lettice*, that I am weary of following your Maſter Day after Day in this manner, without finding him, and that, if he does not pay me To-day, I ſhall ſue out an Execution directly. A thouſand Pounds are a Sum—

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Lett. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

Good. Does my Son owe you a thouſand Pounds?

Sec. Your Son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir, this Woman's young Maſter, who lives at that Houſe, Mr. *Valentine Goodall* is my Son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does, and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two Words tho' to that Bargain.

Lett. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of Joy, when you know that his owing this Money, is purely an Effect of his good Conduct.

Good. Good Conduct! Owing Money good Conduct?

Lett. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a Houſe of the Price of two thouſand Pounds, which every one ſays is worth more than four, and this he could not have done without borrowing this thouſand Pound. I am ſure, Sir, I and he, and *Truſty* ran all over the Town to get the Money, that he might not loſe ſo good a Bargain. I believe there will not go many Words to the Payment on't now. [*Aſide.*

Good. I am over-joy'd at my Son's Behaviour.——Sir, you need give yourſelf no pain about the Money; return To-morrow Morning, and you ſhall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your Word is ſufficient for a much greater Sum, and I am your very humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the Town hath my Son bought this Houſe.

Lett. In what part of the Town?

Good. Yes, there are, you know, ſome Quarters better than others——as for example, this here——

Lett. Well, and it is in this that it ſtands.

Good. What, not the great Houſe yonder, is it?

Lett. No, no, no, do you ſee that Houſe yonder——where the Windows ſeem to have been juſt cleaned?

Good. Yes.

Lett. It is not that——and a little beyond, you ſee another very large Houſe higher than any other in the Square.

Good. I do.

Lett. But it is not that——Take particular Notice of the Houſe oppoſite to it, a very handſom Houſe, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed is it.

Lett. That is not the Houſe——but you may ſee one with great Gates before it, almoſt oppoſite to another that fronts a Street, at the End of which ſtands the Houſe which your Son hath bought.

Good. There is no good Houſe in that Street, as I remember, but Mrs. *Highman*'s.

Lett. That's the very Houſe.

Good. That is a very good Bargain, indeed; but how comes a Woman in her Circumſtances to ſell her Houſe?

Lett. It is impoſſible, Sir, to account for Peoples Actions; beſides, ſhe is out of her Senſes.

Good. Out of her Senſes!

Lett. Yes, Sir, her Family hath taken out a Commiſſion of Lunacy againſt her, and her Son, who is a moſt abandon'd Prodigal, hath ſold all ſhe had for half its Value.

Good. Son! why, ſhe was not marry'd when I went away.

Lett. No, Sir; but to the great Surpriſe of every one, and to the great Scandal of all our Sex, there appeared all of a ſudden a very luſty young Fellow, of the Age of Three and Twenty,

Twenty, whom ſhe owned to have been her Son, and that his Father was a Grenadier in the firſt Regiment of Guards.

Good. Oh, monſtrous!

Lett. Ah, Sir! if every Child in this City knew his own Father; if Children were to inherit only the Eſtates of thoſe who begot them, it would cauſe a great Confuſion in Inheritances.

AIR X. *Pierot's* Dance.



Were all Womens Secrets known,
Did each Father know his own,
Many a Son now bred to Trade,
Then had ſhin'd in rich Brocade;
Many Cits
Had been Wits,
In Eſtate, tho' not in Senſe;
Many Beaux,
Birth-Day Clothes,
Had not worn at Cits Expence:
For did our Women wiſe, indeed,
Contrive no way to mend the Breed,
Our Sparks ſuch pretty Maſters grow,
So ſpruce, ſo taper, and ſo low;

From Britons *tall,*
Our Heroes ſhall
Be Lilliputians all.

Good. Well, but I ſtand here talking too long; knock at the Door.

Lett. What ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Good. You ſeem in a Conſternation! no Accident hath happened to my Son, I hope!

Lett. No, Sir, but———

Good. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in my Abſence?

Lett. No, Sir; not abſolutely robbed you, Sir.——What ſhall I ſay?——

Good. Explain yourſelf, ſpeak.

Lett. Oh, Sir! I can withhold my Tears no longer.——— Enter not, I beſeech you, Sir, your Houſe, Sir; your dear Houſe, that you and I, and my poor young Maſter lov'd ſo much, within theſe ſix Months.

Good. What of my Houſe, within theſe ſix Months?

Lett. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the moſt terrible Apparitions that were ever heard or beheld! you'd think the Devil himſelf had taken Poſſeſſion of it: Nay, I believe he hath too; all the wild Noiſes in the Univerſe, the ſqueaking of Pigs, the grinding of Knives, the whetting of Saws, the whiſtling of Winds, the roaring of Seas, the hooting of Owls, the howling of Wolves, the braying of Aſſes, the ſqualling of Children, and the ſcolding of Wives, all put together, make not ſo hideous a Conſort. This I myſelf have heard; nay, and I have ſeen ſuch Sights! one with about twenty Heads, and a hundred Eyes, and Mouths, and Noſes in each

Good. Heyday! the Wench is mad. Stand from before the Door! I'll ſee whether the Devil can keep me out from my own Houſe. Haunted indeed!——

Lett. Sir, I have a Friendſhip for you, and you ſhall not go in.

Good.

Good. How! not go into my own Houſe?

Lett. No, Sir, not till the Devil is driven out on't; there are two Prieſts at work upon him now. Hark, I think the Devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may liſten yourſelf, and get in too, if you can. [*Laughing within.*

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a Noiſe.

Lett. I have nothing but his monſtrous Superſtition to rely on. [*Shriek within.*

Good. Oh Heavens! what monſtrous Squalling is that?

Lett. Why, Sir, I am ſurpris'd you ſhou'd think I wou'd impoſe upon you. I aſſure you, your Houſe is haunted by a whole Legion of Devils. Your whole Family hath been driven out of it; and this was one Reaſon why your Son bought Madam *Highman*'s Houſe, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold Sweat! What, my Son left this Houſe!

Lett. Oh! Sir, I am ſure, had you known the Terrors we underwent for a whole Fortnight, eſpecially poor I, Sir, who lay every Night frightned, with the Sight of the moſt monſtrous large things, fearing every Minute what they would do to me ——

Good. Can all this be true, or are you impoſing on me? I have indeed heard of ſuch things as Apparitions, on juſt Cauſes, and believe in them; but why they ſhou'd haunt my Houſe, I can't imagine.

Lett. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the Houſe, there was a Murder committed in it.

Good. I muſt inquire into all theſe things. But, in the mean time, I muſt ſend this Portmanteau to my Son's new Houſe.

Lett. No, Sir, that's a little improper at preſent.

Good. What, is that Houſe haunted! Hath the Devil taken Poſſeſſion of that Houſe too?

Lett. No, Sir, but Madam *Highman* hath not yet quitted Poſſeſſion of it. I told you before, Sir, that ſhe was out of her Senſes; and if any one does but mention the Sale of her Houſe to her, it throws her into the moſt violent Convulſions.

Good.

Good. Well, well, I ſhall know how to humour her Madneſs.

Lett. I wiſh, Sir, for a Day or two——

Good. You throw me out of all manner of Patience. I am reſolv'd I will go thither this Inſtant.

Lett. Here ſhe is herſelf; but, pray remember the Condition ſhe is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.

Lettice, Goodall, *Mrs.* Highman.

Mrs. High. What do I ſee! Mr. *Goodall* return'd?

Lett. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himſelf—he's diſtracted; his Loſſes in his Voyage have turn'd his Brain, and he is become a downright Lunatick.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concern'd for his Misfortune. Poor Gentleman!

Lett. If he ſhou'd ſpeak to you by chance, have no Regard to what he ſays; we are going to ſhut him up in a Mad-houſe, with all Expedition.

Mrs. High. [*Aſide.*] He hath a ſtrange wand'ring in his Countenance.

Good. [*Aſide.*] How miſerably ſhe is alter'd! She hath a terrible Look with her Eyes.

Mrs. High. Mr. *Goodall*, your very humble Servant. I am glad to ſee you return'd, tho' I am ſorry for your Misfortune.

Good. I muſt have Patience, and truſt in Heaven, and in the Power of the Prieſts, who are now endeavouring to lay theſe wicked Spirits, with which my Houſe is haunted.

Mrs. High. His Houſe haunted! poor Man! but I muſt not contradict him, that wou'd make him worſe.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. *Highman*, I ſhou'd be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my Portmanteau to your Houſe.

Mrs. High. My Houſe is at your Service, and I deſire you wou'd uſe it in the ſame manner as your own.

Good.

Good. I wou'd not, Madam, on any Account, inſult your unfortunate Condition. —— *Lettice*, this Lady does not carry any Marks of Madneſs about her.

Lett. She hath ſome lucid Intervals, Sir, but her Fit will ſoon return.

Good. I am extremely ſorry for your Misfortune, Mrs. *Highman*, which indeed, had I not been ſo well aſſur'd of, I cou'd not have believ'd: But I have known ſome in your way, who, during the Intervals of their Fits, have talked very reaſonably; therefore give me leave to ask you the Cauſe of your Phrenſy; for I much queſtion, whether this Commiſſion of Lunacy that has been taken out againſt you, be not without ſufficient Proof.

Mrs. High. A Commiſſion of Lunacy againſt me! me!

Good. Lettice, I ſee ſhe is worſe than I imagin'd.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more miſchievous than you at preſent ſeem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a Madhouſe.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the Tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. *Highman*, I wou'd not have you be uneaſy that your Houſe is ſold; at leaſt, it is better for you that my Son hath bought it, than another; for you ſhall have an Apartment in it ſtill, in the ſame manner as if it was ſtill your own, and you were in your Senſes.

Mrs. High. What's all this? As if I was ſtill in my Senſes! Let me tell you, Mr. *Goodall*, you are a poor diſtracted Wretch, and ought to have an Apartment in a dark Room, and clean Straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I ſhall ſhew you the neareſt way out of Doors; and I give you warning to take away your things, for I ſhall fill all the Rooms with Goods within theſe few Days.

SCENE V.

Lettice, Goodall, *Mrs.* Highman, Slap, Conſtable, *and Aſſiſtants.*

Slap. That's the Door, Mr. Conſtable.

Lett. What's to be done now, I wonder? *Conſt.*

Conſt. Open the Door, in the King's Name, or I ſhall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the Devil's Name? And what do you want in that Houſe?

Slap. Sir, I have a Priſoner there, and I have my Lord-Chief-Juſtice's Warrant againſt him.

Good. For what Sum, Sir? Are you a Juſtice of Peace?

Slap. I am one of his Majeſty's Officers, Sir; and this Day I arreſted one Mr. *Valentine Goodall*, who lives in this Houſe, for Two Hundred Pounds; his Servants have reſcu'd him, and I have a Judge's Warrant for the Reſcue.

Good. What do I hear? But harkee, Friend, that Houſe that you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it, but a couple of Prieſts who are laying the Devil.

Slap. I warrant you, I lay the Devil better than all the Prieſts in *Europe*. Come, Mr. *Conſtable*, do your Office, I have no time to loſe: Sir, I have ſeveral other Writs to execute before Night.

Lett. I have defended my Paſs as long as I can, and now I think it is no Cowardiſe to ſteal off. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Colonel Bluff, Monſieur la Marqueſs, Slap, Goodall, Conſtable.

Col. What, in the Devil's Name, is the meaning of this Riot? What is the Reaſon, Scoundrels, that you dare diſturb Gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as Lords?

Slap. Sir, we have Authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your Authority, Sir! if you don't go about your Buſineſs, I ſhall ſhow you my Authority, and ſend you all to the Devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a Warrant againſt him too: I wiſh it was in my Pocket.

Conſt. Mr. *Slap*, ſhall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I deſire you wou'd give us leave to enter the Houſe and ſeize our Priſoner.

Col.

Col. Not I, upon my Honour, Sir.

Monſ. Que veut due cette Bruit quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pouſcon ventre bleu! allons! Monſieur le Colonel! allons! frappons!

Slap. If you oppoſe us any longer, I ſhall proceed to Force.

Col. If you love Force, I'll ſhew you the way, you Dogs.

[Col. *drives them off.*]

Good. I find I am diſtracted, I am ſtark raving mad, I am undone, ruin'd! cheated, impos'd on! but pleaſe Heaven I'll go ſee what's in my Houſe.

Col. Hold, Sir, you muſt not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own Houſe, Sir.

Col. No, Sir, if it be yours, you muſt not come within it.

Monſ. Il ne ſaut pas entrer icy.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to ſpeak with the Maſter of the Houſe.

Col. Sir, the Maſter of the Houſe deſires to ſpeak with no ſuch Fellows as you are; you are not fit Company for any of the Gentlemen in this Houſe.

Good. Sir, the Maſter of this Houſe is my Son.

Col. Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant; I am over-joy'd to ſee you return'd; give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this Gentleman: Monſieur le Marquis Quelque Choſe, le Perre de Monſieur Valentine.

Monſ. Ah, Monſieur que je ſuis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the Honour of being Father to one of the fineſt Gentlemen of the Age: a Man ſo accompliſh'd, ſo well bred, and ſo generous; that I believe he never wou'd part with a Gueſt, while he had a Shilling in his Pocket, nor indeed while he cou'd borrow one.

Good. I believe it indeed, Sir, therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to ſee him.

Col. Be not in ſuch haſte, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your Affairs; I hope you have had good Succeſs in the *Indies*; have cheated the Company handſomly; and made an immenſe Fortune.

Good. I have no Reaſon to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir, and ſo will your Son, I dare ſwear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune, he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine Life he has led ſince you went away: It wou'd do your Heart good, if you was but to know what an Equipage he has kept, what Balls and Entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole Town, Sir, a Man wou'd work with Pleaſure for ſuch a Son: he is a Fellow with a Soul, Damn me! Your Fortune won't be thrown away upon him, for get as much as you pleaſe, my Life he ſpends every Farthing.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, let me ſee this Miracle of a Son of mine.

Col. That you ſhou'd, Sir, long ago, but really, Sir, the Houſe is a little out of order at preſent, there is but one Room furniſh'd in it; and that is ſo full of Company, that I am afraid there wou'd be a ſmall deficiency of Chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the Houſe to raiſe any Money upon.

Good. What, all my Pictures gone?

Col. He ſold them firſt; Sir, he was oblig'd to ſell them for the delicacy of his Taſte: He certainly is the modeſteſt young Fellow in the World, and has complain'd to me a hundred times of the indecent Liberty Painters take in expoſing the Breaſts and Limbs of Women; you had indeed, Sir, a very ſcandalous Collection, and he was never eaſy while they were in the Houſe.

SCENE VII.

Valentine, Colonel, Goodall, Monſieur.

Val. My Father return'd, oh, let me throw myſelf at his Feet, and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd and aſham'd to ſee your Face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modeſteſt young Fellows in *England.*

Good. You may very well be aſham'd; but come, let me ſee the inſide of my Houſe; let me ſee that both ſides of my Walls are ſtanding.

Val.

Val. Sir. I have a great deal of Company within, of the firſt Faſhion, and beg you wou'd not expoſe me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir! I am their very humble Servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to all the Perſons of Faſhion, that they will ſo generouſly condeſcend to eat a poor Citizen out of Houſe and Home.

Col. Harkye, *Val*, ſhall we toſs this old Fellow in a Blanket?

Val. Sir, I truſt in your Good-nature and Forgiveneſs; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I ſhou'd live to ſee this Day!

Monſ. Pardie voila Homme extraordinaire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. A Dining-Room.

Lord Pride, *Lord* Puff, *&c.*

L. Pride. I told you, my Lord, it would never hold long; when once the Chariot diſappear'd, I thought the Maſter wou'd ſoon follow.

L. Puff. I help'd him on with a ſmall Lift, the other Day, at Piquet.

L. Pride. Did you do any thing conſiderable?

L. Puff. A mere Trifle, my Lord: It wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fanſy, in his preſent Circumſtances, it cut pretty deep.

L. Pride. Damn me! there's a Pleaſure in ruining theſe little mechanical Raſcals, when they preſume to rival the extravagant Expences of us Men of Quality.

L. Puff. That ever ſuch Plebeian Scoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their Debts, ſhou'd preſume to engage with us Men of Quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Colonel, Monſieur, *Lord* Pride, *Lord* Puff, *&c.*

Val. Gentlemen, and Ladies, my Father being juſt arriv'd from the *Indies*, deſires to make one of this good Company.

Good. My good Lords (that I may affront none, by calling him beneath his Title) I am highly ſenſible of the great Honour you do my Self, and my Son, by filling my poor Houſe with your noble Perſons, and your noble Perſons with my poor Wine and Proviſions. I dare ſwear you have been all highly inſtrumental in the Extravagancies of my Son; for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I ſhall never ſee him, or any of your Faces again.

L. Pride. Brother *Puff*, what does the Fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curſe me, if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my Son hath ruin'd himſelf in ſo good a Company; that when I diſinherit him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promiſe myſelf that your Intereſt will help him to Places and Preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my Power, he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whiſper a Word in your Ear. —— Your Son is a very extravagant Fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope that you will conſider that you have aſſiſted him in it; and therefore will help his Neceſſities with a Brace of Thouſands.

L. Pride. I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may underſtand me, I muſt tell you in plain Words, that he owes his Ruin to entertaining ſuch fine Gentlemen as yourſelf.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much Honour in entering into your Doors; But I am glad you have taught me at what diſtance to keep ſuch

ſuch Mechanicks for the future: Come, *Puff*, let's to the Opera. I ſee, if a Man hath not good Blood in his Veins, Riches won't teach him to behave like a Gentleman.

L. Puff. Cannille! [*Exeunt L.* Pride *and L.* Puff.

Good. S'bodlikins! I am in a Rage; that ever a Fellow ſhou'd upbraid me with good Blood in his Veins, when, Odſheart! the beſt Blood in his Veins hath run thro' my Bottles.

1 *Lady.* My Lord *Pride*, and my Lord *Puff*, gone! Come, my Dear, the Aſſembly is broke up; let us make haſte away, or we ſhall be too late for any other.

2 *Lady.* With all my Heart, for I am heartily ſick of this.

3. *Lady.* Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Monſ. Allons, quittons le Bourgion.

Col. Sir, you are a Scrub; and if I had not a Friendſhip for your Son; I'd ſhew you how you ought to treat People of Faſhion. [*Exeunt* Col. *and* Monſieur.

Charl. Poor *Valentine!* how tenderly I feel his Misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your Companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am ſo ſenſible of what I have done, that I could fly into a Deſart from the Apprehenſions of your juſt Wrath; nay, I will, unleſs you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that ſtay behind the reſt of your Company? There is no more Miſchief to be done here, ſo there is no more Buſineſs for a fine Lady.

Char. Sir, I ſtay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy Son, who will otherwiſe ſink under the weight of your Diſpleaſure.

Good. Ah, Madam, if that be all the Buſineſs, you may leave this Houſe as ſoon as you pleaſe; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted, *Valentine*, I have ſome Fortune which my Aunt cannot prevent me from, and it will make us happy, for a while at leaſt; and I prefer a Year, a Month, a Day, with the Man I love, to a whole ſtupid Age without him.

Val.

Val. O, my dear Love! and I prefer an Hour with thee, to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am ſo bleſt, that Fortune cannot make me miſerable.

AIR XI. The Laſs of *Patie*'s Mill.



Thus when the Tempeſt high,
Roars dreadful from above,
The Conſtant Turtles fly
Together to the Grove:
Each ſpreads its tender Wings,
And hovers o'er its Mate;
They kiſs, they cooe, and ſing,
And love, in ſpite of Fate.

AIR.

AIR XII.



My tender Heart me long beguil'd,
I now firſt my Paſſions prov'd;
Had Fortune on you ever ſmil'd,
I'd known not how I lov'd.
Baſe Paſſions, like baſe Metals, cold,
With true may ſeem the ſame;
But wou'd you know true Love and Gold,
Still try them in the Flame.

SCENE X.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Oldcaſtle, *Mrs.* Highman.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may truſt your own Eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. High. What do I ſee? My Neice in the very Arms of her Betrayer, and his Father an Abettor of the Injuſtice!—— Sir, give me leave to tell you, your Madneſs is a poor Excuſe for this Behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your Pardon for what I ſaid to you to-day. I was impos'd on by a vile Wretch, who, I dare ſwear, miſrepreſented each of us to the other. I aſſure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you ſo.

Mrs. High. Thou vile Wretch, thou Diſhonour of thy Family! How doſt thou dare to appear before my Face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be aſham'd of; and I dare appear before any one's Face. *Good.*

Good. Is this young Lady a Relation of yours?

Mrs. High. She was, before your Son had accompliſh'd his baſe Deſigns on her.

Charl. Madam, you injure him; his Deſigns on me have been ſtill honourable, nor hath he ſaid any thing which the moſt virtuous Ears might not have heard.

Val. To-morrow ſhall ſilence your Suſpicions on that Head.

Mrs. High. What, Mr. *Goodall*, do you forgive your Son's Extravagance?

Good. Is this Lady your Heireſs?

Mrs. High. I once intended her ſo.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous Paſſion for my Son ſo much, that if you will give her a Fortune equal to what I ſhall ſettle on him, I ſhall not prevent their Happineſs.

Mrs. High. Won't you? And I ſee ſhe is ſo intirely his, in her Heart, that ſince he hath not dared to think diſhonourably of her, I ſhall do all in my Power to make it a Bargain.

Val. Eternal Bleſſings on you both! Now, my *Charlotte*, I am bleſs'd indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. High. That, Sir, I cannot poſſibly tell; you know I was your Friend; but my Neice thought fit to diſpoſe of herſelf another way.

Old. Your Neice has behaved like a——— Bodikins! I am in a Paſſion; and for her ſake, I'll never make Love to any Woman again, I am reſolv'd. [*Exit in a Pet.*

Mrs. High. No imprudent Reſolution.

Good. I hope, *Valentine*, you will make the only Return in your Power to my paternal Tenderneſs in forgiving you; and let the Miſery you ſo narrowly eſcap'd, from your former Extravagancies, be a Warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my Gratitude to your great Goodneſs inſufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any Vice, whereby this Lady might be a Sufferer.

Single, I'd ſuffer Fate's ſevereſt Dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double Smart,
When Sorrow preys upon the fair One's Heart.

F I N I S.